Hell. That he have his, call up some gentlemen.

2 *Sayl.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord cals.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard, I pray you greet them fairely.

Enter Lysimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, resolve you.

Lys. Haile reverent sir, the gods preserve you.

Hell. And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lys. You wish me well being on shore, honouring of *Neptunes* triumph, seeing this goodly vessell ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the Governor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lys. Vpon what ground is this distemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe springs from the losse of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootlesse is your sight, he will not speake to any.

Lys. Let me obtaine my wish.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly person, til the disaster that one mortall weight drove him to this.

Lys. Sir King, all haile, the gods preserve you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lys. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweete harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure and make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are mid-way

stopt.

stopt, she is all happy, as the fa
now upon the levie shelter th
Hell. Sure all effectlesse, y
recoveries name. But since yo
farre, let us beseech you, that
on, wherein we are not dest
staleneſſe.
Lys. O sir, a courtesie, whic
God for every graffe would
our Province: yet once more
the cause of your Kings sorro
Hell. Sir, sir, I will recount
Enter
Lys. O hee's the Lady that
Welcome faire one: Ist not a
Hell. Shee's a gallant Lad
Lys. Shee's such a one, that
Come of a gentle kinde and
Ide wish no better choise, an
Faire and all goodnesse that
Expect even here, where is
If that thy properous and art
Can draw him but to answe
Thy sacred Physicke shall re
As thy desires can wish.
Mar. Sir, I will use my u
ded, that none but I and my
come neere him.
Lys. Come, let us leave
rous.
Lys. Markt he your Musi
Mar. No, nor lookt on u
Lys. See, she will speake
Mar. Haile sir, my Lord,
Per. Hum, ha.
Mar. I am a maid, my Lord
have beene gazed on like a

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